Religious Education
EXHIBIT
Pacific School of Religion
15:10

THAT SPAETH GIRL LEADS A MERRIE CHASE AFTER HENRY ORIENT

Just a bit more than a year ago, Merrie Spaeth, then 14, played a du role in her school's production of *Alice in Wonderland.* Actually, the pl was a blending of *Alice* and Lewis Carroll's other whimsical story, *Throug the Looking-Glass.* Merrie had the parts of the White Knight and Tweedl dee. Except for a brief mention in the school newspaper, her performan was accorded no publicity.

Today, at 15, Merrie Spaeth is what is known in show business "hot property." She and another teen, 17-year-old Tippy Walker, current are being seen in the new film, *The World of Henry Orient.* Star of th film is Peter Sellers (*Henry Orient* is the first motion picture the celebrat British comedy actor has made in the United States), and there is an im pressive array of other movie "names" in the cast: Paula Prentiss, Ange Lansbury and Phyllis Thaxter, to name a few. But who have been give most of the acclaim by the film reviewers? Merrie and Tippy.

The critic for *Time* magazine, terming the teens "an enchanting pair screen newcomers," concluded his review with: "Though droll performanc are hung up by Sellers, Prentiss and Lansbury, all are up against a for of nature as potent as Disneyland. Director George Roy Hill is obvious happy to let the camera ogle while his half-pint scene stealers do their stu And why not? It's grand larceny."

"We're among the happy teen

Bosley Crowther, of the New York *Times,* perhaps the nation's most r spected film critic, observed: "Tippy Walker and Merrie Spaeth are abs lutely delightful." Wrote Alton Cook, of the New York *World Telegram Sun:* "Merrie Spaeth and Tippy Walker are one of the jolliest comedy tean in all movie annals." Commented Wanda Hale, of the New York *Dai News:* "Tippy Walker and Merrie Spaeth are perfect."

Merrie is blonde, tall (five-feet-seven) and apparently unaffected by h sudden fame. She is the older of two children of Dr. and Mrs. Philip Spaeth, of Philadelphia. Her father is a prominent eye surgeon at Philade phia's world-famous Wills Eye Hospital, and her paternal grandfather Dr. Edmund B. Spaeth, emeritus professor of ophthalmology of the Grad School of Medicine of the University of Pennsylvania. Her mother, befo marriage, was a creator of fashion shows.

"Merrie," says Mrs. Spaeth, "is a nice, normal girl. She certainly hasn been spoiled. Her brother deserves some of the credit for that." Th brother, Daniel, is 11 years old. As any teen girl in a similar situation ca attest, there is nothing like a four-years-younger brother to serve as preve tive against inflation of the ego.

ou don't hear much about us!"

How did Merrie become a film personality? In the spring of 1963 the
Arts Company announced it was seeking a pair of talented, "unknown"
ool girls for *The World of Henry Orient.* Mrs. Isabel Price, Merrie's
glish teacher at Germantown Friends School, Philadelphia, wrote Bettina
worth, the Pan Arts casting director, suggesting that Merrie be audi-
ed for one of the roles. Merrie did well in a preliminary audition in
ladelphia, then was summoned to New York to read for Director Hill and
ducer Jerome Hellman. In all, more than 1000 girls auditioned across
nation. Merrie and Tippy Walker, who lives in Rye, N. Y., got the parts.
Henry Orient was filmed last July, August and September. Many of the
es were filmed on location in New York City: in Central Park, on mid-
n Manhattan streets, aboard subway trains. The bulk of the shooting
done in the Pan Arts studios on Long Island. When shooting was com-
ed, Merrie returned to Germantown Friends School, where she currently
tenth grader—and a straight "A" student.

What is Merrie Spaeth really like? How does it feel to become a motion
ure celebrity, practically overnight? What's it like to work with Peter
ers? Merrie gives the answers in the following interview.

Youth

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Let's get something straight right away. A Hollywood columnist recently itemed that "Merrie" isn't your real name. True or false?

"False. My full name is Merrie Marcia Spaeth. It's on my birth certificate. My father thought of 'Merrie,' according to mother. She says father had been hopeful that their first-born would be a girl. When I arrived, Father felt that I should have a 'happy name.'"

Until the opportunity to appear in* Henry Orient *came along, had you ever thought seriously about acting?

"Don't all girls dream of becoming actresses when they grow up? I was forever 'acting' around home. Father and Mother used to call me 'Sarah Heartburn.' But I didn't think seriously about acting until I got this big break. Before that, I thought I'd like to be either a model or a nurse. That's quite an alternative, isn't it? But now—"

Now you want to make a career of acting?

"Oh, yes. I don't want to be exclusively a movie actress. I want to act in front of live audiences, too. I've just signed a contract with Pan Arts to do one picture a year for the next five years. I mean, my

"On his birthday, Tippy ga

parents signed for me. The contract also gives Pan Arts exclusive rights to book me for appearances on television."

***How would you describe your experiences during the filming of* Henry Orient?**

"Marvelous. Simply marvelous. Tippy and I had a marvelous time."

How did Tippy Walker and you get along together?

"Marvelously. We hadn't known each other before production started. But we quickly became friends. On weekends when there was no shooting, I either went home with Tippy or she came home with me. We're quite unlike in our personalities. Tippy is rather shy and reserved, while I'm the outgoing type. Basically, though, we agree on just about everything except our attitudes toward our own age group."

eaning what? You can't leave this subject dangling, like an old movie cliff-nger.

"Well, Tippy believes that too many teens try to act sophisticated before ey have sufficient maturity. I respect her opinion, but the teens I know n't try the sophistication bit."

hat's your opinion of teens as a group?

"They're just great. That sounds conceited, doesn't it, seeing as how I one of them? But what bugs me is that very little is heard of our kind teens. We're happy teens—Tippy and I—and I think we are typical of vast majority. But you only hear of those who are unhappy and land in uble. Tippy and I are very lucky. We have wonderful, understanding cents. The only one in my family who is a square is my little brother."

n't you like your brother?

"All I said was that my brother is a square. All little brothers are squares. ke my brother, anyway. He'll grow up."

re you nervous when you first met Peter Sellers?

"Not very. But I did something pretty corny. At the first rehearsal, when were introduced, I said, 'Mr. Sellers, could I please have your autograph. I can show my friends back at school that I've really met you?' Do you ow what he said? He said, 'I'll be happy to oblige, on one condition. at is that, from now on, you call me by my first name.'"

s he easy to work with?

"He was a dreamboat. I never saw him display the slightest bit of tem-rament. And he was so considerate of Tippy and me."

er Sellers a live lobster on a leash!"

Did you ever see him away from the set?

"We certainly did. Peter gave a yachting party to celebrate his 38th birthday, and he told Tippy and me that we were first on his invitation list. We wondered what to give him for a present. I remembered that Peter collected gadgets as a hobby, so I bought him a mechanical fish. Do you know what Tippy gave him? A live lobster, on a leash!"

In making the film, did you find anything especially difficult?

"In one scene, I had to blow bubble gum. I was out of practice. After all, I had given up bubble gum when I was a kid. I just couldn't do it until I got an idea. Do you know what I did? When I started to blow the bubble, I thought of Rock Hudson and I sighed deeply. It worked. Isn't that just fabulous?"

Did your mother appear on the set regularly to keep tabs on you?

"Definitely not. Thank goodness, neither Mother or Father are 'stage parents.' Mother stayed out of the whole business. All she did, at the very beginning, was to get a promise out of me never to become spoiled from too much attention. I had a chaperone, and I had to pay her salary myself. We had an apartment near the studio. I made an important discovery, too. At first, I was so thrilled by it all that I wanted to go to the theater each night. My chaperone sort of humored me in this. Soon I realized that I just couldn't stay out late and be truly ready for the next morning's filming. On most work days I had to get up at 6 A. M. I found it best not to go out when I was working. Heavens, I couldn't afford to risk getting bags under the eyes at my age."

"My little brother is a square, b

Was filming finished in time for you to be back to school on opening day?

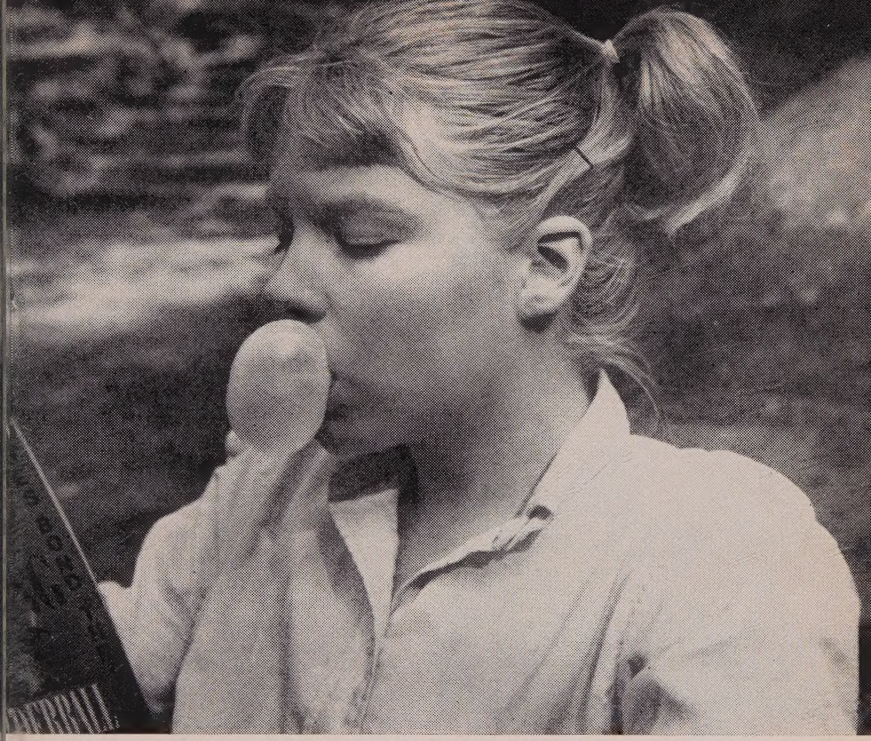
"No. Tippy and I thought we were getting away with something until we arrived on the set one morning and found that Pan Arts had hired tutors to teach us between scenes. I got back to my regular school two weeks late."

Was there any noticeable change in the attitudes of the other students toward you when you returned?

"Suddenly I seemed to have oodles of friends I never knew about before. Some of the kids who yoo-hooed at me the most were those who didn't seem to know I existed a year earlier. But that was fine with me. I like to be friendly with everyone."

What has been the reaction of boys toward you?

"I get a lot of mail from boys my own age who want to date me. I mean these boys are strangers. I'm flattered. Also, I'm amused by the cool acts put on by some of the boys I dated before I made the movie. I suppose they think I'm going to be very grand because of all that has happened to



iike him anyway. He'll grow up!"

. So they try to be casual, and it's all so silly. One boy at school dodged for weeks. Finally, I bumped into him at the library, and I asked him ether I had done something to offend him. Do you know what he replied? said, 'Why, Merrie, I didn't even think you'd remember me.' I was eechless."

at about your immediate future?

I'm going to finish my schooling. I mean, I want to finish at German- rn Friends and then go to college, if I can work my film commitments in."

gn did you first see yourself in the finished film?

In March, just before the movie opened at Radio City Music Hall in w York."

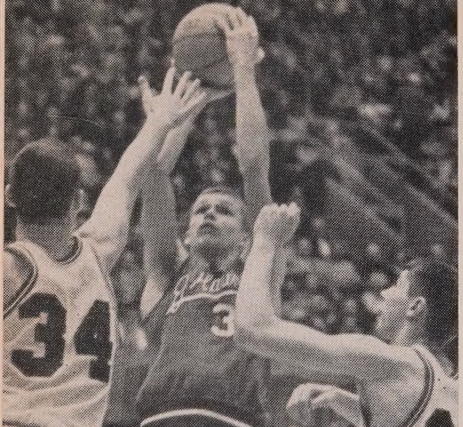
you like it?

It was a simply marvelous experience. The movie is just fabulous."

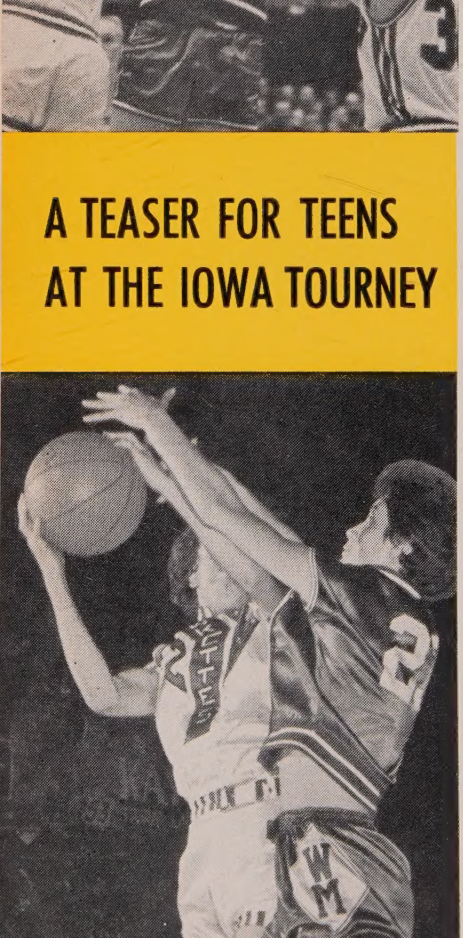
at did you think of your own performance?

Do you mind if I sidestep that question?"

—EDGAR WILLIAMS



A TEASER FOR TEENS AT THE IOWA TOURNEY



Thousands of teens were in town fo the state basketball tourneys. And a they wandered around the main floo of Veterans Auditorium in De Moines, Ia., they saw "World, I Am Youth!" printed on the door of room. Over the door a sign read "Welcome." Curious as to what wa in the room, hundreds accepted th invitation. Inside they found an aud visual presentation of youth and th world they live in. Large photos o young people — in crowds, alone, i pairs—formed the first part of the ex hibit, called "What Is Youth?" slide projector, set for a continuou showing of 30 color transparencies o works of modern art, was intended t stimulate thinking on "What Is Man? And a third wall of the room reflecte for the teen visitors "The World W Live In." There were pictures show ing the current struggle for racial jus tice in the U.S. and there was a stere ophonic tape recorder with two set of head phones. Visitors were invite to put on the head phones and liste to folk music — the kind of "socia criticism" songs that have won grea popularity among youth. (Peter, Pau and Mary, Dick Weissman, Pet Seeger, Bob Dylan, and The New Christy Minstrels were included.) Se up as an experiment by the Iowa Con ference of the United Church o Christ, the exhibit room was unde the direction of Rev. Duane Meyer state minister of youth, who served a host. "We planned it as a tho starter," explains Mr. Meyer. "Wit thousands of young people comin here from all over the state, w thought it a good opportunity to hel teenagers see themselves and th world they live in, in terms of creativ arts."

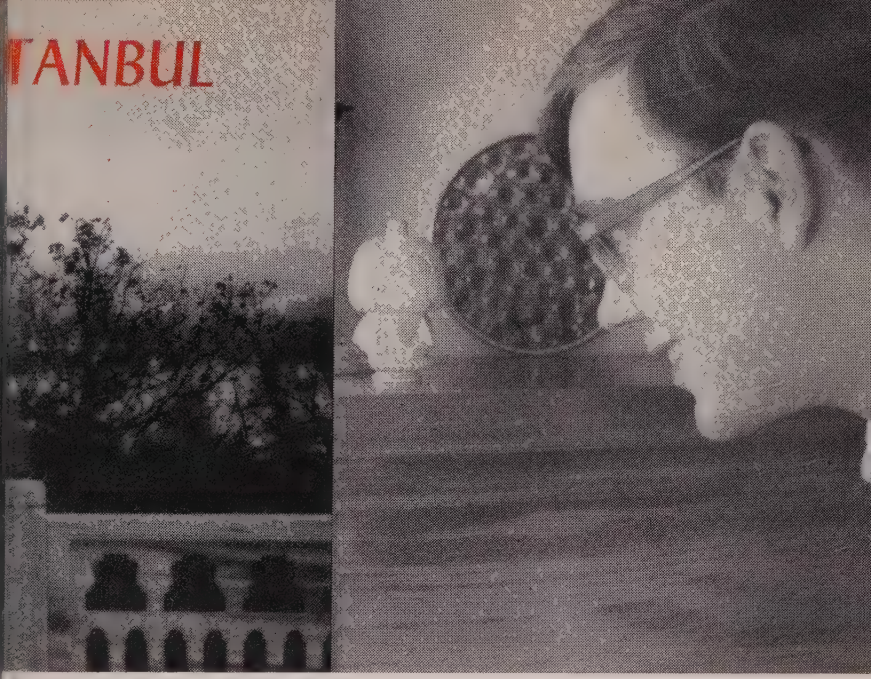
mid excitement of state tourneys,
e "youth room" was a change of pace
r hundreds of teens, who looked
displays of modern art, graphic photos,
d poetic expressions and listened to
e recordings of folk songs. Said
Postville youth: "The pictures are quite
piring in a way. They really give
u a feeling deep down inside that
mething needs to be done . . ."

DESTINATION

The skyline of Istanbul, Turkey.

As the *S.S. San Georgio* sailed slowly up the Bosphorus into the Golden Horn I had the feeling of one who has just been out bluffed. All this talk about living in Istanbul had never seemed quite real to me. Now it was very real. In ten more minutes the ship would dock and I would step off onto Turkish soil or, more realistically, Turkish concrete.

"The Mad Plan" had first been discussed at the end of my freshman year of high school. My Uncle Bob and his family had just arrived for a one-year furlough in the United States. When not on furlough, Robert Avery, Jr. works in the Publications Department of the United Church Board for World Ministries in Istanbul. He has a wife and five children but he still thought that he had room to take me back to Istanbul to live for a year with the Avery family. After I got over my initial shock, the sounded like a wonderful idea to me. I had always wanted to travel and see the world, especially Europe. I reasoned that since Istanbul was on the far side of Europe, I would probably get to see something of Europe on my way to Istanbul and back. My parents weren't quite as wildly enthusiastic about packing me off to Istanbul for a year, but they had plenty of time to think it over. Uncle Bob wasn't leaving for a year.



Greg studies souvenir of his year abroad.

Never the ones to make snap decisions, it took my parents just eight nths to decide I could go. There followed four months of instruc- ns, packing, being called "The Old Turk," and, most of all, eager ticipation of the trip I was about to make. Finally, on August 11, 62, I left New York with Uncle Bob and his family. Destination: anbul.

"There," said my Aunt, Betty Avery, pointing to a dim grey shape on shoreline, "is the world famous Blue Mosque."

"Oh," I said in the tone of voice I use to acknowledge the existence world famous things of which I have never heard.

The ship docked and my five cousins rushed joyfully down the gang- nk. Uncle Bob, Aunt Betty, and I followed. I was clearly the least thusiastic of the group. From where I stood, Istanbul seemed crowded, n-down, dirty, and noisy. We were warmly greeted by a young Turkish an who worked in my uncle's office. I said hello to him, thus exhaust- g my Turkish vocabulary.

We checked our luggage through the customs building, walked out- e, and Uncle immediately got into a loud, long discussion with the

A minaret in Tarsus, in southern Turkey.

During spring vacation .

nearest taxi driver concerning the fair price for transporting the Avery family, me, and our baggage to the Avery house. This, I found out later, is standard procedure in Turkey. All taxis have taxi meters, but no self-respecting driver would think of forfeiting the chance for an entertaining argument by using it.

Once the price was settled, we all piled into the taxi. The trip to the Avery house took us down narrow, winding, cobblestone streets and then a modern highway along the edge of the Bosphorus. The house was in a suburb of Istanbul which is named Rumeli Hisar for the huge old fortress that the town is built around. The taxi turned off the main highway and started up a very steep hill. Again we wound through narrow cobblestone streets, this time almost straight uphill. For a while it was a toss-up as to whether the taxi, a Ford circa 1948, would make it or not. Finally the car ground to a halt in front of a green gate. The Avery children scrambled out, eager to be home. I tried to echo their enthusiasm, but I felt rather lost. The house was a huge stone affair, complete with a balcony, an independent water supply, and an unused tennis court in the back yard. We even had a maid, although she seemed much more a member of the family. The only way to describe her is to imagine a Turkish Hazel.

I had been in Istanbul only three days when I had to start taking entrance examinations. The Mad Plan had been a little foggy on the matter of education. I was tentatively scheduled to take my junior year of high school at Robert Academy. This was good thinking for a couple of reasons

Greg visits ruins of a past civilization.

we toured southern Turkey

(1) Robert Academy is located just over the hill from where I lived and (2) Robert Academy is the only English-speaking high school in Istanbul. This was fine except for one thing. While we all agreed that I wanted to attend Robert Academy no one was sure that Robert Academy wanted me.

The exams were both oral and written, and they lasted all day. When they were over, I anxiously awaited the decision of the Admittance Board. Whether it was because of my academic merit or simply out of pity, the Board decided that I could become a student at Robert Academy.

Robert Academy is a part of the American Colleges in Istanbul. These include the Academy's school for boys, Robert College which is coed, and American College for Girls. They are all American schools chartered under the laws of the state of New York. Courses are taught in English to a student body that is mostly Turkish. I was one of six Americans attending Robert Academy last year. The Turks spend two years learning to speak English fluently. These English courses are quite comprehensive; there are even lessons in developing an American accent.

Despite the fact that classes and exams are in English, R.A. is quite different from most American high schools. We had to wear coats and ties to class. I arrived early for my first class and was lounging casually at my desk when the teacher walked in. Suddenly everybody in the room stood up. Except me. I thought perhaps everybody had sat on a tack at the same time. "Not so," the guy next to me explained as he returned to his seat. It is a Turkish custom

to stand to show respect for the teacher when he enters the room. I soon found that that is not all. In Turkey, the teacher commands awesome authority in comparison to American teacher-student relationships. Turkish students never contradict teachers, for to talk back would be unthinkable. It is rather like "Yes sir, 2 and 2 are 5, sir, if you say so, sir."

There were no study halls at R.A. If I didn't have a class I was free to do anything I wanted to. There were two restaurants, several snack bars, bowling alleys, gyms, tennis courts, ping-pong and pool equipment and even a library for those with the will power to study.

Robert Academy grading is on the number system from 1 to 100 with grades below 60 failing. The courses are hard and grading is low by American standards. Honors are given to any student who can maintain 80 or above in his studies, something very few are able to do. It is not unusual for a student to fail a couple grades during his high school career. Examinations, not classroom participation, are the important factor in determining grades. There is a tremendous amount of pressure and tension as examination week approaches. It is not unusual for students to study all day on weekends and all night before an important test. It is virtually impossible to pass a grade without final and mid-term examinations.

My fellow students at Robert Academy went out of their way to be friendly to me and to the other Americans going to school with me. My Turkish friends seemed very well educated. They knew American history about as well as I did and many of them spoke two or more foreign languages, which was two or more than I spoke. Most of them were studying engineering so they were much better at math and chemistry than I. Some of them even did better in English class.

Limping off the soccer field during my first gym class, I decided to play a little basketball to restore my ego. These Turks, I chuckled to myself, have probably never even seen a basketball. I committed three turnovers and fouled out after eight minutes.

My friends seemed more mature and far more individualistic than many American high school students. They were interested in girls and popular music, but they also spent time on such unusual things as art, literature, and even opera. They seemed more interested in what they themselves thought than in what others thought of them. Of course, my friends at Robert Academy were not average Turkish teenagers. They had much more wealth and education than most Turks. Many people

uages and as much U.S. history as I did

s at Robert Academy enjoy a traditional celebration.

Turkey cannot read and are interested only in the source of their next al, which is too often not forthcoming.

was able to learn more about the part of Turkey on the Asian side he Bosphorus during my vacations from school. In my winter vaca- I took a train to the capital of Turkey, Ankara. Ankara is a new, dern city built mostly since the Turkish Revolution. When Turkey ame a republic its capital was moved from Istanbul. Ankara has e boulevards and impressive monuments, but no real "personality." style of architecture is best described as "factory modern." The city Ankara is a monument to Turkey's break with the past and determina- to be modern. To many Turks, "modern" and "western" seem to be onymous with "good."

During spring vacation I went on a classical tour of southern Turkey nsored by Robert College. "Classical" was supposed to mean that

Among many Turks, "modern" and "weste

we would visit the ruins of classical civilizations in Asia Minor. A Robert College professor was scheduled to go along to deliver appropri ate lectures. The day before our tour bus was to leave Istanbul, th professor got sick. Since hotel reservations had been made, the tri could not be called off. A Turkish freshman at Robert College, who wa president of the Travel Club, appointed himself leader. Not until our bus full of high school and college students was several hours out of Istanbu did our leader admit that he had never been to southern Turkey before

We got lost several times. Twice we had to ride all night over road that can best be described as a series of holes held together by sma bits of pavement. At times it got so bad that we began to think tha maybe there was nothing wrong with the roads at all; maybe it was jus that the bus had square wheels. Once the dirt road to an import ruin was washed out. Everybody piled out in the rain and stacked u enough stones so that the bus could get through. We rebuilt the roa in three places and got thoroughly wet and mud-covered. As it turne out the ruin was not too exciting. Getting there was half the fun.

We stayed in hotels that I don't even like to think about. In one, th lights didn't work, the door didn't close, and the beds looked like they' been slept in. Of the different hotels we stayed in, not more than fou offered hot water. Several had insects of types that made flies see

Soccer on a Sunday afternoon in Istanbul.

ı seem to be synonymous with "good"

ble. Our selection of food was usually limited to three things: greasy b, greasy rice, or greasy hamburger. Experienced travelers warned o stay away from the hamburger; they said that one could never be just what kind of meat had been ground up. That, however, was isely why I ate it. I could see how bad the lamb and rice were; with nburger there was always hope.

n short, the rural Turkish countryside is not quite ready for visitors in e numbers, especially if they don't know where they're going. But pite the fact that I was sick for two days after I got back, I had a nderful time.

There is a certain magic about Istanbul which is very hard to explain. s a combination of a full moon over the Bosphorus, the view from top of the castle at Rumeli Hisar, a good-natured argument in the aar over the price of an "antique" knife, and a cup of Turkish coffee downtown café. I left Istanbul understanding why my uncle calls it second most beautiful place in the world. He thinks that everybody t have someplace they are convinced is the most beautiful. But he is that no one having seen Istanbul could place it less than second.

t is good to be back home in the United States in many ways but I e found that Istanbul now seems like my home too. Any time I had chance, I would return.

—GREG VOELM

CHURCH STARTS PROJECT FOR MILITARY DRAFTEES

A pilot project to orient teenagers to military life is being launched by the Lutheran Church in America. The program for youth who are about to be drafted will stress the relationship of the church to its young people in military service. One spokesman said: "Military service can be as much a calling from God as from one's country, and the church should consider military service as a part of a young man's overall sense of Christian vocation." In connection with the project an effort will be made to acquaint young persons with the problems arising from military service which affect Christian vocation and witness, courtship and marriage. A spokesman of the Lutheran Board of Service to Military Personnel said that "unless a man's underlying motivation upon entering the military service is based on a sense of duty and responsibility as a Christian citizen, he is likely to become a problem not only to himself but to the service as well."

YOUNG PEOPLE OF VIET NAM TROUBLED BY FUTURE

South Vietnamese young people, who are being "tossed about by various influences some of which are plainly harmful," are undergoing a "crisis." A report by FIDES, the international Roman Catholic news agency, has stated that after the November revolution the youth "had the impression of breathing freely" for a time, but they took advantage of this freedom and still

remained "generally dissatisfied." The report said that this dissatisfaction can be seen in the recent attempts of six high school girls to commit suicide and the death of one boy who ended his life by drinking gasoline after his father reprimanded him. "One gets the impression that youth are dis-oriented. What troubles them most," FIDES commented, "is that they do not know what tomorrow will bring, and as a consequence they are killing time in all sorts of ways."

ROBERT KENNEDY STRESSES IMPORTANCE OF YOUTH

In a recent address at a dinner for the Canadian Press, Attorney General Robert Kennedy stressed that a major challenge to the West today is to appeal to the minds of young people throughout the world. Too often the West has produced only a negative response to Communism, Mr. Kennedy said, and has

youth in the NEWS

Democratic Representative Ralph Rivers of Alaska accepts boxes of clothing donated by a group of New York City teenagers for victims of the recent Alaskan earthquake. The young people are participants in the Mobilization for Youth, a federal-local training program for school drop-outs. The group of a dozen teens, ten girls and two boys, are apprentice clothing workers. They made over 1,000 garments this year. Usually these are donated to a children's home in the city. It was the young people's idea to send the clothing to Alaska instead.

ss "left the world with the illu- that only Karl Marx had a losophy." He went to say: "We gnize that the young in many as of the world today are in the st of a revolution against the us quo. Their anger is turned systems which have allowed erty, illiteracy and oppression to rish for centuries. We must rec- ize one central fact. Youth will vail. They will achieve their listic goals one way or another. they have to pull governments bling down over their heads, will do it. But they are going vin a share of a better, cleaner ld."

VEY CALLS SPANKING T PUNISHMENT

dd care specialists deplore spank- but teenagers disagree with n. In a recent poll over two- s of the 1000 young people stioned agreed that an old-fashioned paddling is the best way to handle a naughty child. "A good spanking will bring home to him quicker than anything the seriousness of the situation," says one 17-year-old girl from Macon, Ga. "If you spank and confine the child," says another advocate, "it makes the child realize he has done wrong and gives him time to think about it." However, there was some disagreement. One girl admitted, "I just hate to hit children." Another thinks "no punishment is any good unless you explain why the act was wrong." One boy from Tacoma, Wash., feels that "withdrawing privileges has a lasting effect." In spite of differences of opinion, over three-fifths of those questioned admitted that they had received spankings as children. Almost all agreed that, whatever the punishment when they were young, they had all thought twice about repeating their mistakes a second time.

will you miss **Youth** *this summer?*

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MORE ON THE BEATLES

I have just read a letter u
the heading of "Be Fair
Beatles" appearing in the Mar
issue of YOUTH. The letter
written by a person who signe
name, *N.T., Chicago, Ill.*
sure that his middle initial mu
a "U," because only a NUT w
write a letter like the one he w

The author said that he enj
both Dixieland and Mozart typ
music. How anyone can
these two types of music and
enjoy music of the trashy ca
of the Beatles is beyond m
have nothing against the Be
personally, but when I see my
low young people acting the
they do when they see a grou
talentless as the Beatles, I be
very ill.

I have been reading YOUTH
azine for about five years now
I have yet to see a group
cially the Beatles) that your m
zine owes an apology to.
you print in your magazine is
business, and personally, I
that you are doing a very fine
But, for the life of me, I canne
why the Beatles should
mentioned in a church maga zi

Thanks for a fine job on a
magazine. And thanks for l
me express what I think is not
my opinion but that of a
number of people.

—*G.C.T., Troy*

touch & go

ORE ON RACIAL JUSTICE

Your issue on "Racial Justice w" (October 27, 1963) was outnding. I wish to take exception the letter of a Massachusetts nister condemning the issue. As aative of that state and a person ive in the civil rights movement, an testify that he is "all wet." If norrow he woke up with his skin ck, he'd soon find out that a prob- exists in his town. It is attitudes this that make the fight for free- so hard in this state. Clear-cut mies are often easier to fight and rcome than the many people who "deaf, dumb, and blind" to the at issues of this day.

—*B.E.B., East Falmouth, Mass.*

HO'S AFRAID OF WHAT?

eing the avid reader of YOUTH I am, it is interesting to read letters from irate ministers and er adult leaders of youth who re- copies of your magazine for one son or another. I do not deny e adults the right to disagree or pprove of anything that you t or the right to express that nion. On the contrary, I would end that right to the death be- e I feel that when that right is e, we might as well be dead. I however, disapprove of their ac- s.

What moves these adults to feel they must censor all that reaches th? Certainly, there is nothing as nsive as lurid movies or magazines. Why do they not turn their efforts on these offenders? Then we might see something done about them. Worse things appear on television! Why are they trying to "clean-up" a thought-provoking magazine for teens such as YOUTH?

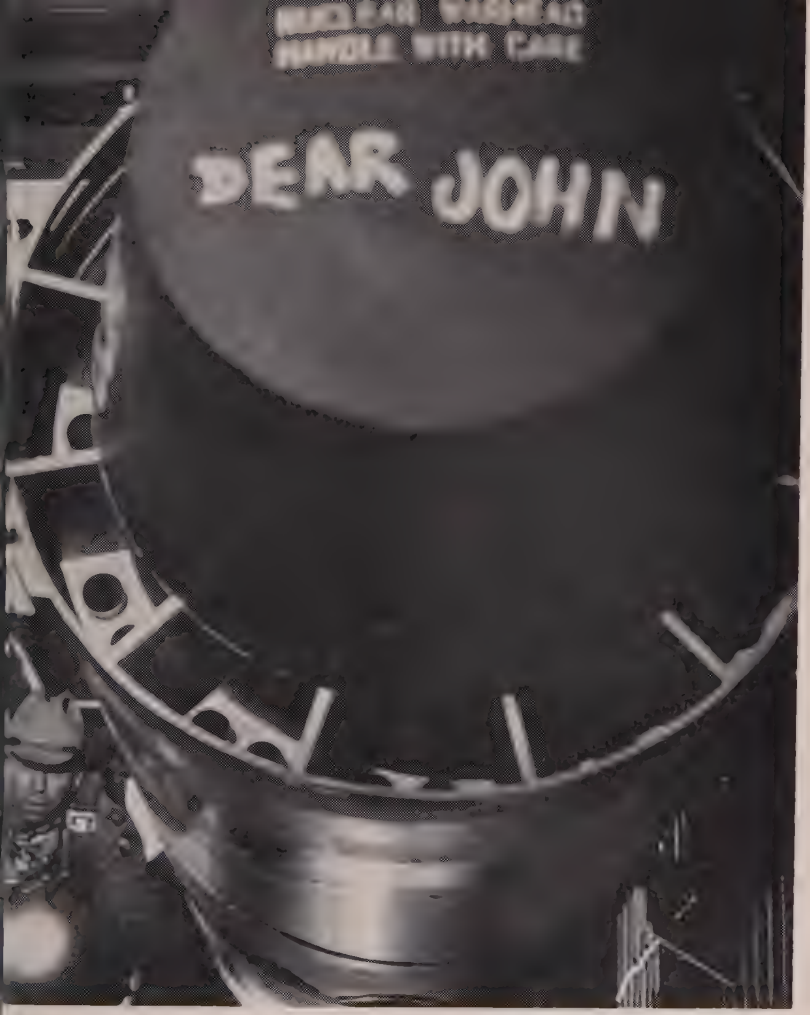
But maybe this is exactly why some adults dislike your publication: *It is thought-provoking!* They are, I would guess, afraid that their youth will—for the first time in their lives perhaps—see both sides of a question and reach the conclusion that all along they have been told wrong. If the youth of that church have had a proper upbringing, both religious and otherwise, they should be able to judge for themselves what is right or wrong, good or bad! Or do adults feel that the youth are still immature? By this action, these adults are showing just how immature they (the adults) are! Only a person who knows that they are wrong and will loose out in the end are afraid to let people see both sides of a question. This is precisely why the Communists have constructed the Berlin Wall, the "Iron Curtain," and will not allow FREE elections in Eastern Europe.

Fortunately, nothing like this has ever happened in our church, and I pray that it never will. They always have said that people who take sides will get shot at. I stand behind you all the way, O YOUTH, and although I don't always agree with what you say, please, O PLEASE, continue to stimulate my thinking!

—*M.H., Sauquoit, N.Y.*

DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARN

It's blasphemous! It's hilarious! It's one great big sick joke! It's t
most moral movie in years! To the lingering refrain of "We'll Me
Again," the smoke of exploding argument is quickly entombing th
American public. One waits in vain for "The End" to appear on th
screen, but there's no end in sight. A celluloid explosion is spreadi
its radioactive particles deep into the guts of everyone—from those wh



TOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB

the longest to those who cry the loudest. Meanwhile, curiosity is g the innocent non-viewers and forcing them to join ranks with the ons who have already witnessed the end of the world vicariously who are now engaged in the dubious pleasure of arguing about it. ause of it all is a short film (90 minutes) with a long name—"Dr. gelove or: How I learned to stop worrying and love the bomb."

The most threatening of our imaginary nightmares about The Bo has come true: a General high in the military echelons of the Strate Air Command has gone berserk and sent his squadron of B-52's to bl up the Commies. As public figures in powerful places ineptly bur through agonizing moments of trivialities and artificialities and gene ities, the planes fly beyond the fail-safe point and enter the Russ radar zone. The Russians kindly consent to shoot them down so as avert nuclear war, but one plane gets through and the Russian dooms device, which can automatically blow up the whole world, is trigger While a mad scientist, a cocktail-swigging U.S. President, and a gu chewing air force officer decide how many women in proportion to n should live in mine shafts for the next 93 years, wave upon wave nuclear blasts burst forth from the screen. By way of a final doxolo which is played in rhythm with each successive explosion, an World War II love song adds its tear-stinging good-bye to the end of world.

Humor is the tragic hero of this film. When the President of United States is a bumbling boob named "Merlin Muffley" (Peter lers), people laugh; when SAC commander "Jack D. Ripper" (Ster Hayden) goes insane over his fear that water fluoridation is some

ic plot of the Communists to upset the balance of our "bodily fluids," ple laugh; when American soldiers shoot at fellow soldiers beneath gn which reads "Peace Is Our Profession," people laugh. With lly a backward snicker, producer-writer-director Stanley Kubrick s pins in all the sacred cows of American life, from patriotism to to religion. He ingeniously balances incongruities on that razor e between tears and laughter, enjoyment and embarrassment, back- ping hilarity and righteous indignation. In short, the viewer is caught veen a groan and a guffaw when President Muffley begins to explain Russian Premier Kissof about the impending attack by saying: "Now itri . . . one of our boys has done a silly thing."

ndeed, the biggest problem for the viewer is whether to laugh at all. en the growing inevitability of total annihilation is contingent upon ng enough change for a pay telephone and subsequently being forced "holding up" a coke machine, one collapses in a heap of helpless- . When the President makes his all-important call to the Premier has to begin in this way—"Dimitri? Dimitri? This is the President he United States. I can't hear too well. Could you please turn n the music a little?"—it somehow shatters all kinds of precious pre- ceptions. The experience is not unlike seeing someone slip on a

banana peel and thinking, "there but for the grace of God go I," wh
knowing deep down inside, 'there I have gone without the grace of Goc
The men we want to be big men are little. The worries we want to
little worries are big. And the question is: can laughter get us throu
this situation?

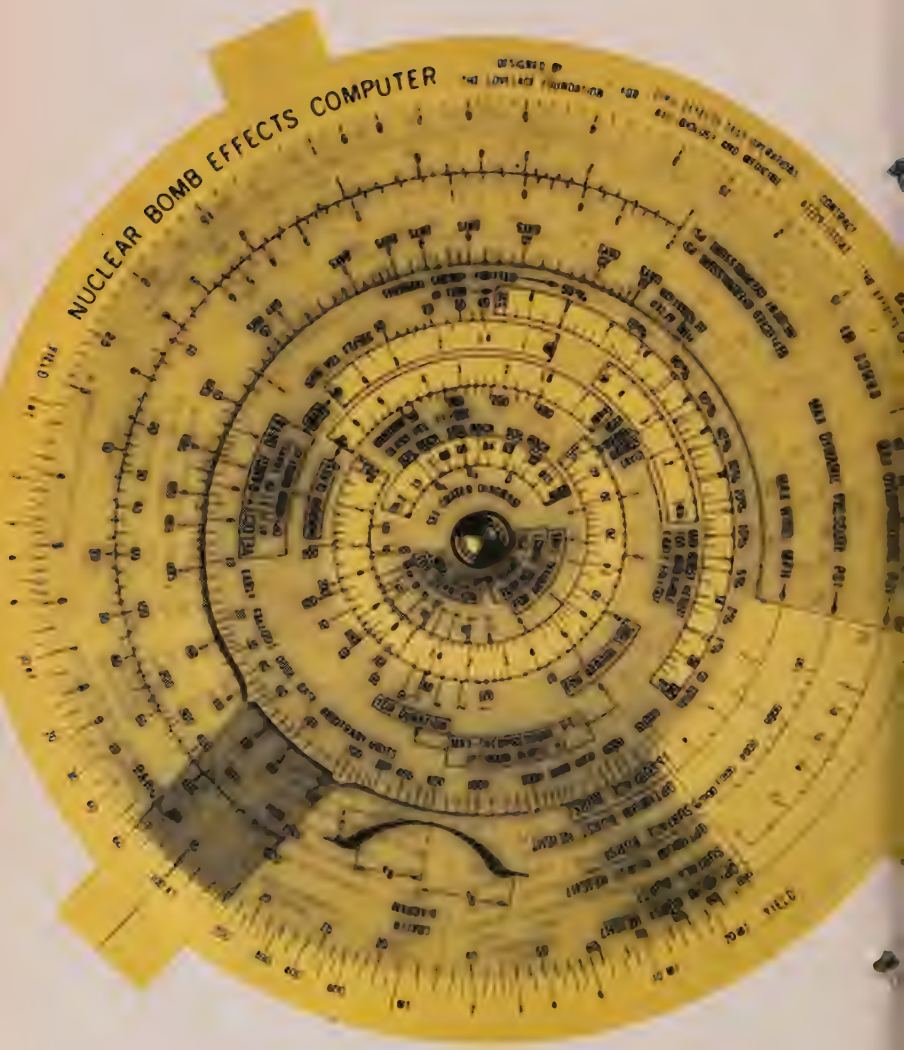
The movie is based on no "actual facts." For the air scenes a t
plane was suspended above a moving mat of fake land. The B-52 coc
pit was modeled from a magazine picture. Stanley Kubrick's war
perience consisted of watching war movies at Loew's Theatre in N
York. In spite of all these things, the film has succeeded in being call
the most outrageous and terrifying piece of anti-American propagan
ever produced. But it is not intended to be a propaganda piece. N
does it pretend to portray "the facts." Mr. Kubrick simply points
something we all know: that a destiny counted down in megatons is
insane way to live and the idea, when taken seriously, that one pers
can push the button is humanely unbearable. We have built a toy
can't control. No wonder there is hysterical laughter.

In order to prove his point Kubrick makes biting fun of the wh
human race and, in particular, the American part. In his satire he
saying that somehow the value systems present in American life toc
have not kept pace with the situation. Further, he is saying this f
is revealed by the whole quality of our language and thought concep
Thus, an unprovoked attack on Russia becomes "a good chance

ch them with their pants down." An emergency call from the Penta- elicits the response, "Well, I think I'll mosey on over to the war m." The knowledge that a military commander at SAC has let loose destruction of the world brings this judgment: "I don't think we uld dump the whole program because of a single slip-up." The only e comment in the film sounds strangely illogical and simple: "We 't want to start a nuclear war unless we have to." And it doesn't w one laugh.

Meanwhile, the one escaped B-52 is rushing toward its target. The *vboy* magazine has been put away, the cowboy hat has been put on, the french horns swell to their full volume on "When Johnny Comes chin' Home . . . hoo-rah, hoo-rah." Despite an indirect hit by an my missile, the plane is hole-ridden but aloft. For two long hours e men have struggled to carry out the deadly mission of Plan R. v they face imminent death themselves. At the last moment, when Russian ICBM station is in sight, the bomb hatch won't open. The goes below to find out the trouble. On the huge, black bombs is ten "Dear John" and "Hi There." That's good for a last laugh. n, suddenly, the hatch opens. Riding one of the bombs like a buck- broncho, and with enthusiastic wavings of his cowboy hat, the pilot good-bye to the world. It begins as a triumphant cry of victory. ost imperceptibly, it turns into a shattering scream.

—JOAN HEMENWAY


NUCLEAR BOMB EFFECTS COMPUTER

eace is our business

of the vivid scenes in the movie "Dr. Strangelove" takes place at a base in the United States. One of the wing commanders, General D. Ripper, tired of coexistence with the Russians, has just dis-hed his planes to bomb the USSR. The President, upon learning of frantically tries to get hold of Ripper (who is the only one who ws the secret code by which the planes can be called back), but the eral has locked himself in his office and broken off all communication the outside. The President then orders the soldiers at a nearby base apture Ripper. However, when they arrive, they are met by fierce tence by Ripper's men, who are led by Ripper to believe that the sians are attacking. Thereupon a battle royal takes place at the base ll under a huge sign which proclaims "Peace Is Our Business!"

his is a scene that is full of irony. And yet it is an irony which re-ss the contemporary scene. As Christians, we do our living and act-under the sign "Peace Is Our Business." When Jesus said "Blessed the peacemakers . . . ", he gave us marching orders to wage peace. from all the confusion and fighting underneath the sign, it is evident the sign itself does not mean much, or else we do not know too h about peace or how it can be obtained.

ne of our difficulties is that we too often define peace in negative as. We take it to mean the absence of war—a situation that can be rced through armed might and fear. But peace in God's eyes is e different. It is something positive—a situation characterized by the ence of joy, mutual trust, lack of fear, and love. And it is not only thing to be won finally, but is a strategy to be waged in the battle f. In other words, it is not only the end, but also the means to the As someone has said, "There is no 'way to peace'; peace *is* the !"

hat peacemaking ultimately depends upon is one's understanding of and his way of acting—and one's acceptance of that way. God is e, and therefore love is at the foundation of life. But as we look at

peace is not simply the absence of w

love in the New Testament, we see a picture there which is disturbing t
us. God's love is a strange kind—it excludes no person, and never
called off for any reason. But what is even harder for us to understan
or accept—his love operates always by persuasion and never by forc
It never imposes its will on anyone. God knocks on the door—and w
for the door to be opened from the inside. He never barges in. If w
look at human love, we can discover that this principle operates her
too. A fellow cannot force a girl to love him. He can only try to pe
suade her—through sweet words, love letters, and gifts such as boxes
candy or flowers! But alas, such love—which never imposes its will o
another but which persuades and wins consent—is terribly vulnerabl
It can be rejected and opposed. But here lies the secret of its powe
It is in its very weakness and defenselessness that its power is exercise
By bearing hurt rather than hurting others, by bearing sin rather tha
sinning, by being killed rather than killing, one releases a tremendo
and transforming force in life which can be released in no other way.

Perhaps at this point you are shaking your head! "This is O.K
ideally," you say, "but this would never 'work' in real life. Too ma
people are enemies, too many people have guns, too many do not lo
us! If we do love, we have to back it up with force if we want to su
vive. Otherwise an enemy can run all over us and can kill us too easil
And what would a God of love want me to be killed for?" Yet Go
says nothing in the Bible about self-preservation. He speaks only abo
obedience and faithfulness, and that we should leave the consequenc
up to him.

"O.K.," you say, "suppose I grant you this point for the sake of th
argument. I'd be willing to give up my own life if need be. But wh
about our loved ones? If we are not to defend ourselves, what abo
those who depend upon us? We have responsibility for them and ca
not let them be hurt or killed. If we love them, does that not mean w
are to protect them?" But here God interrupts again. Why do we take
for granted that they will be hurt or killed? Or that we have the po
to prevent their being hurt or killed? Why should not the consequenc
be left up to him again? Do we not believe in our national motto "
God We Trust" or in the truth stated in Romans 8:38-39, that nothi
can separate us from God's love? Release the force of redemptive lo
into the situation and see what happens! Sometimes death will follo

it is a way of life based on love

metimes not—but it is the only way we have—and God has—for de-
oying evil. One cannot destroy it by destroying the evil-doer. One
n destroy evil only by changing the evil-doer into a good-doer. And
y defenseless, vulnerable love can work such a transformation. Of
rse, there is great risk involved, and many times it will be costly. But
s the only way.

It is not Christ the *crucifier* who is the power of God, but Christ the
cified (I Corinthians 1:23-24). Thus we see this love in action not on
giving end of the cross but on the receiving end, not in the hammer
in the nail holes. And we see it in action not in the police dogs but
the teeth marks and broken skin of their victims, not in the fire hoses,
in the soaked clothes and bruised bodies at the blunt end of the
er stream. Love which can taken the venom and hatred that the
rld spews out, accept it in forgiveness and suffering, and continue to
e the hater without limitation or hesitation—that is the kind that
aks apart empires and works its way into the hardest heart. Of course
can always find reasons for "pulling the punch" of this kind of love
ause of extenuating circumstances—because of family members,
nds, reputation, survival, etc.—and we can always try to guarantee
"effectiveness" with physical power. But at the very moment we do,
H is no longer able to work his miracles through such emasculated
e.

Perhaps the whole trouble is that we who call ourselves the Body of
rist really do not want to be Christ's Body—his broken body. And
the world will never believe until we become that. As Bruce Ken-
n has written, "Until Christ crucified takes on visible form, the world
not believe. 'Unless I see in his hands the print of the nails, and place
finger in the mark of the nails, I will not believe,' said Thomas. This
recisely what the world says to the church. We who talk of walking
way of the Cross dare not show men our hands. For we have
been wounded for them, we have not suffered for them. We have
e little more than preach for them. When the world sees as well
nears—when the world sees, as it were, the print of the nails in our
ds, then the world will have seen not only us but our Lord. And men
echo the confession of Thomas, 'My Lord and my God!' "

Peace *is* our business! And love is our business policy! Anyone care
ive it a try?

—THEODORE A. BRAUN

O God, help me to pray.
Quiet my restlessness and
still my noisy desires.
Turn me toward your deep
wells and away from my own
shallow waters. Center me
down into your love. Force
me to let you hold me tightly.

O God, push me to dare to
live on tip-toe. Stop me
from being suspicious of
enthusiasm or happiness or
friendship. Lead me toward
knowing another by giving
of myself. Guide me
toward loving leaps of faith.

O God, mold me with the clays
of forgiveness and hold me
in the hands of love. Draw
me into the wells of
your joy. Show me how to
drink of deep waters. And
help me, O God, to admit how
thirsty I really am.

Amen